

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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PACIFIC COAST LUTHERAN SCHOOL  
FEBRUARY 16, 1930  
Barkley, California

## Carolyn "Carries On"

By Bayard Daniel York

CAROLYN remained standing by the dressing-room door. The other girls were hurrying past—on their way to assembly.

She blinked a little. This gathering of the school always brought things back to her very vividly. As one of the teachers, her father had always sat on the platform—and there was still a vacant chair there as well as in the home.

Dot Somers stopped at Carolyn's side. "Coming?" she suggested. And then, as Carolyn fell into step with her, Dot added—"don't forget we're hiking up Mt. Lattimer tomorrow afternoon. We start at one-thirty, sharp."

"I doubt if I can go," Carolyn murmured.

"Why—the idea!"

Dot stopped just outside the door of the assembly-hall and beckoned to two girls who were waiting for her.

"Listen, Bess and Janet!" she said, as the three formed a little circle around Carolyn. "This utterly worthless person is trying to say she can't go with us tomorrow."

"Carolyn Russell! You said you'd go—you promised—" Bess LeMay began. "Well, anyway, you half-promised," she added, as Carolyn shook her head.

"It's a holiday, you know," Janet Tooker stated. "No fair working all day—George Washington wouldn't like that on his birthday at all."

A burst of music, rendered by the boys' orchestra, came from within the hall.

"I'll come over in the morning and help you with your work," Janet concluded hastily. "Oh—I like this!"

The boys were playing De Koven's setting for Kipling's famous "Recessional."

"God of our Fathers, known of old,  
Lord of the far-flung battle line—"

The girls slipped silently to their places. With an effort, Carolyn kept her eyes from the platform.



By Heistand Miller

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

With the cornets carrying the air, the music rang out with a wonderful swing. Carolyn tried to listen; but she felt her lips quiver—and once she brushed her hand across her cheek.

With the first strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the great throng of boys and girls rose—while the school's great flag was slowly unfurled high up above the platform. Carolyn knew just how it was done—in fact, she knew the two boys who were standing behind the scenes and slowly loosing the rope which had held the flag. But it seemed wonderful nevertheless—as if the beautiful red-white-and-blue banner was growing before their eyes.

The simple but impressive service proceeded. Carolyn failed to keep her mind on it. Her father had died suddenly, leaving very little money. It was going

to be a hard pull for them all—Carolyn, her brother Jimmy, and her mother.

She started a little as Mr. Worthington, the principal, repeated a sentence impressively. She had a vague idea that he had been talking for several minutes.

"And that is the lesson which George Washington brings to us today," she heard him say. "We, too, must 'carry on.' No matter what discouragement or defeat may come to us, no matter what the pain in our souls may be, we must never falter or turn back. For our friends and our schoolmates, for our well beloved country, for God and all mankind, we, too, must carry on!"

When the exercises were over, Carolyn hurried home. As she turned in at the gate, Jimmy came out with his bicycle. Jimmy was a freshman—two years younger than Carolyn.

"Got a chance to sell the bike for fifteen dollars," he said. "That'll come in handy just now. You see, I'm not going



to need it—working all my spare time in Drigg's grocery store."

"Jimmy—you're a soldier!" his sister cried.

"Humph!" said Jimmy.

Carolyn went into the house. Boys, she mused, are funny creatures. She knew how it hurt Jimmy to give up his bicycle—but he wouldn't show it for the world.

Her mother looked up and smiled—but her needle did not stop.

"I had no idea that so many people would be glad to have sewing done," she remarked. "Do you know, I've been doing a little figuring—and I find that with your work at the library and Jimmy's pay from the store, together with what I can earn, we shall be able to keep things going nicely. I really feel greatly encouraged."

"Oh—good!" Carolyn cried. "Tomorrow's a holiday—and I can do all the housework while you sew."

"No, you can't," Mrs. Russell answered. "After tomorrow, between school and the library, you'll be busy every minute. I want you to have a real holiday tomorrow."

"The girls wanted me to go hiking in the afternoon," Carolyn said. "But—"

"Then you must go," her mother told her. "You need the exercise and the fresh air."

February 22 began like a typical February day—with a bit of a sharp north wind blowing and a sun that shone dimly through a gray haze. When the four girls set out at one-thirty, the sun had disappeared.

Dot shook her fist at the bare, brown side of the mountain which rose steeply just outside the city.

"We're coming, like Columbus, or Balboa or—or—say, who did discover a mountain, anyway?" she murmured.

"It was very nice of Washington to have a birthday," Bess said. "We appreciate it, Mr. G. W."

"Race you to the turn in the path," Janet suggested.

It was a giggling, puffing group that reached the sharp turn of the path—with Carolyn a little in the lead. The climb proceeded merrily—until the girls came to the summit and felt the sharp force of the north wind from which they had been protected on the way up.

"Whew—that's vicious!" Janet remarked.

Carolyn looked around with sudden apprehension.

"Seems as if I felt a snowflake!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if—"

But there was no need to speculate. The snow came quickly out of the northeast, wind-driven and thick.

"This is no way to welcome callers, Mr. Mountain," Dot said—but the mountain did not seem to care about that.

"We'll be sheltered from the wind on the way back," Bess suggested.

But this proved incorrect. With the

## The Crystals

By RAELENE NEWELL WHITE

A ragged Arab gave to me  
A crystal clear as clear can be.

The Arab told me, and it's true,  
My soul is such a crystal, too.

Some days it has a murky hue  
From thoughts I have and deeds I do.

But sometimes it is purest white  
And then I know I'm doing right.

So, often now, I stop to see  
If both my crystals do agree.

coming of the storm, the wind shifted; and the girls felt its force sharply as they started homeward.

"The storm is going to be bad," Bess remarked. "Let's hurry."

She set the pace. For five minutes the other girls ran after her—and then suddenly Bess gave a sharp cry and threw out her hands in an effort to keep her balance.

She had stepped off the path; and a stone had rolled under her foot. She fell to the ground.

"Oh—my ankle!" she murmured.

With the help of the other girls she rose slowly.

"Oh, bother!" she cried in exasperation. "What'll we do—I can't walk!"

"Perhaps it will be all right in a minute," Janet said.

But the hurt ankle did not grow better. After Bess had tried twice to hobble along with some help, Carolyn faced the other girls.

"This will take too long," she said. "I'll tell you what we'll do—you two help Bess along, and I'll hurry back for help."

"Well, don't turn *your* ankle," Bess cried. "Believe me, it doesn't feel good!"

"I'll be careful," Carolyn called over her shoulder. "You just take your time—I'll get one of the boys to come up with a sled."

She did not feel as comfortable about the situation as her words suggested. It was a long distance back to the city; and there was some danger that the girls might lose their way as the storm began to cover the landmarks along the path.

"But I won't borrow trouble," she thought.

She went rapidly—but with care. The light lessened rapidly as the storm deepened. The wind began to howl through the trees.

"Why—it's a blizzard!" Carolyn muttered.

By the time she had come to the base of the mountain she was very tired. The snow was deep enough to impede progress noticeably—and she had slipped with each step. She had figured out just

what she would do. Ted Barrows lived in this part of the city and he had a large sled. She would try to get him.

"If only he's home!" she murmured.

She hurried on as fast as lame and tired muscles could carry her.

"Anybody ought to be home in a storm like this!" she told herself. "Why—why—what's this?"

Out of the drifting snow a towering black hulk had suddenly taken shape in front of her. For a moment it seemed like some ghostly thing. She rubbed her eyes—and stared. It was an almost perpendicular cliff!

For a moment Carolyn stood perfectly still. It was cold out in the storm, but she felt drops of perspiration forming on her forehead. Nothing like this cliff should be in her path.

Slowly the terrible truth came to her. She had lost her way!

She felt frightened and confused. Then with a great effort she forced herself to think calmly. She remembered that out toward the northwest was a cliff like this. If this was it, she had veered too far to the right.

She turned back. She had not realized until now how extremely tired she was. She began to feel as if she could not take another step.

But she must. Somewhere up the mountainside, Dot and Janet were struggling along with Bess—and she must not fail them.

She struck out with new determination.

The ground became rougher. Here and there underbrush made progress all but impossible. At times Carolyn had to pause and rest for a minute.

She felt her knees shaking. They were ready to give way. She could not keep going much longer.

From within her came a thought of ice-bound Valley Forge, of thinly-clad soldiers marching in the cold and the snow. "We, too, must carry on!"

She must not give up—she must reach Ted!

The storm was growing much worse. The snow cut into her face, driven by a wind that almost smothered her.

The disquieting thought came to her that she might have turned the wrong way—that she might be going away from the city.

Again something dark loomed up in front of her. It was not as high as a cliff—and with a little cry Carolyn realized that it was a house.

She hurried to the door and asked a kindly-faced woman if she might use the telephone. It was with a great heart-beat of joy that she heard Ted answer from the other end of the wire.

Panting a little, she told him what had happened.

"All O.K.," Ted's voice came back. "Two of the fellows are here with me—and we'll be off right away. Leave it all to us."



Fortunately Carolyn was able to take a trolley most of the way home. That night, as she crawled into a very soft bed, knowing that Bess and the other girls were all safe at home and none the worse for their experience, she closed her eyes happily.

"You helped me, George Washington," she murmured. "And in the days ahead, I'll carry on for Mother and Jimmy—just as they are carrying on for each other and for me!"

### What Next?

By ANNA B. ROYCE

When Great-Great Grandma was a child  
Our land was unexplored and wild,  
And o'er the country, day by day,  
The prairie schooner took its way.

Great Grandma watched the steam cars  
glide  
Along the open countryside,  
And over roads, sedate and slow,  
Would often "buggy riding" go.

My Grandma says 'twas in her day  
The automobile came to stay.  
An auto, then, was strange to see.  
(It never has seemed strange to me.)

Now, Mother dear, as well as I,  
May in an airplane ride the sky.  
I wonder, when I'm grown up, too,  
Just what my little child can do?

### "I Won't Lie About It"

By ANNA L. CURTIS

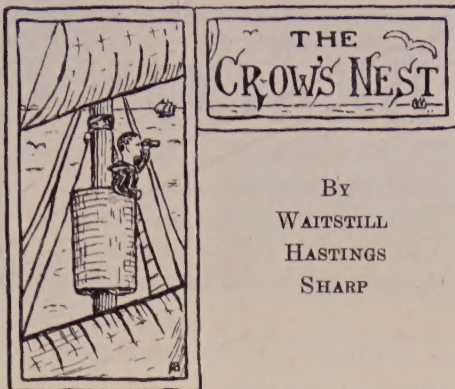
We all know the story of George Washington and his hatchet, and the boy who could not tell a lie. A story very much like this is told of Cyrus, the King of Persia, who set the Jews free after their seventy years' captivity.

When Cyrus was a boy, he did not expect to be a king; but he was so good a leader that his schoolmates called him their king, and followed him wherever he led. One day, unfortunately, he led some of them into a pomegranate orchard, from which they ate and carried away much fruit.

The owner of the orchard was a poor man, who could not afford to lose his fruit. He felt sure that some of the boys were guilty, and complained to their schoolmaster, who at once called all his pupils before him, and asked if they had taken part in the robbery. Innocent and guilty alike, all said they knew nothing of it, until the question came to young Cyrus.

"Yes," he said, "I did it, and the others went because I did. I don't want to tell who they were, because I deserve all the blame. I was a thief, but I won't lie about it, and I'll never be a thief again."

The schoolmaster was much pleased with the boy's truthfulness, and for pun-



By  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Can you decide whether you are more grateful to George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, or which you think greater?

The birthdays of these two men are called patriotic holidays. This is so because each gave his life to his *patria*—or native land, and, through them, their *patria* became our *patria*. What they did for America was so desperately needed and so great a gift that we have built these men into our very idea, "America." There were other great men in 1775 and 1861, but as we look back to the two great crises of American history—the Revolution and the Civil War—we feel that *only* Washington and Lincoln could have done what had to be done.

Did you ever think how different Washington and Lincoln were in the ways which we usually consider important? Washington was one of the richest men in the Colonies, used to the silver, and fine clean linen, and coaches, and slaves, and good food, and great white homes set in the green estates of the proud and wealthy English families of Virginia. With a very little twist in history George Washington might have been a general under His Britannic Majesty King George III. And, as it was, if Mother England hadn't needed a lot of money to pay for the Seven Years' War, the days of George Washington,

ishment, he only required Cyrus to collect from those who had robbed the orchard, enough money to pay its owner for the stolen fruit.

### Class Clippings

The following is from the "Church-School Notes" in *The Toledo Unitarian*:

"Our interest has been aroused concerning a project undertaken by the Fourth Grade girls' class. Throughout the fall, these girls have followed the adventures of a lad named Dick, who crossed the ocean to visit his father in Palestine. They paused with him as he stopped to view the sights along the way, enjoying especially the descriptions of the London Cathedral. One Sunday was spent in discovering something of the romantic history of our Bible. The girls visited the Toledo Museum of Art at this

gentleman farmer, would have been divided between minnets and fox hunting, serving tea to visitors from England and chasing the Indians.

The richest and the poorest men in the world seem to be farmers. But what a difference that word "gentleman" makes when you call a man a "gentleman farmer"! How keenly, later in his life, must Abraham Lincoln have known the difference. For he was a farmer's boy—his father just the kind of man who today would be called a "poor white." Oh yes, we've looked up his ancestry—now that he was president of the United States—and we have traced him back to Hingham, Massachusetts, and thence across the sea as far into English history as we have traced George Washington, Esquire, of Sulgrave Manor. But don't forget his poverty; his frontier home; his restless father, trekking west from farm to farm; his education from about six books by the light of an open fire; his working on a flatboat and his keeping store.

The appearances of the two men told a true story of their early years. Washington was neat, erect, fashionably dressed, firm in face and voice—a man whom men obeyed. Lincoln was "out of press" on almost every public occasion—careless of hair, and shoes, and coat, friendly, ready to swap a story or a joke, or to pull a pig out of a mudhole—never "dressed up," a son of the frontier all his life.

The contrast stops here. We must look *beyond* the Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington and the photographs of Lincoln which we see in our schools and statehouses. We must think of the real selves of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. What counted in their nation's history is what the aristocrat and the country lawyer had in common—religion—and, it's a part of religion, the generosity that means patriotism.

time to see the rare manuscripts on display there.

When Dick arrived in Palestine, the girls shared his joy at visiting many interesting places such as the port of Jaffa, where they witnessed an Oriental Fair, Lydia, Ramleh and, finally, Jerusalem. The girls are now engrossed in the effort of reproducing a typical Egyptian Village by the means of cardboard and paste, plasticene, and other materials. It will take several weeks for the village to be completed, but the girls hope to place it on exhibition later."

We suspect that the itinerary for this trip was planned by Helen Patton Hanson and that the guide-book is *A Travel Book for Juniors*, published by the Abingdon Press. We have known several other church-school parties who are making similar trips and apparently enjoying them greatly.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

9 CARVER ST.,  
CALAIS, ME.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much, especially the puzzles. I am sending in one of my own.

I am writing to a girl in Massachusetts whom I like very much, but I would like to write to a girl in Spain, or some girl who knows the Spanish language. I am greatly interested in Spain and her customs, so if some little Spanish girl would please write to me I would like it very much. It doesn't matter about her age. I am also interested in Girl Scouts, so here's a chance for some Scouts to write to me. Come on, girls! All write and I'll answer every letter.

With love from a *Beacon* light,  
IRENE SPINNEY.

45 UNION ST.,  
WINDSOR, VT.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every week and I like it very much. I am eight years old and I am in the third grade. My school teacher's name is Mrs. Flint and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Stearns. Our minister is Mr. Palmer.

Sincerely yours,  
GEORGE COLES.

## League of Nations Association Announces Two Prize Contests

Two national contests on the League of Nations have just been announced by the Educational Committee of the League of Nations Association. Students in the 6,967 high schools throughout the United States will have a chance to compete in an examination on the League, while those in over 300 teachers' colleges and normal schools may submit a thesis on some phase of internationalism. The winning student in each contest will have a trip to Europe, with a stay in Geneva to study the League of Nations at Work; the second prize in each is \$100; the third prize, \$50; in addition, a series of state and city prizes will be arranged by branches of the Association. The high-school examination will be held on March 14, 1930, in the various schools.

The examination is the fourth of the National Competitive Examinations for

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.  
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.  
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

390 PARK AVE.,  
PORTLAND, ME.

Dear Editor: I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to Preble Chapel Sunday school. Rev. A. G. Pettengill is our minister. We all like him very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hayes. The name of our class is the Lend-a-Hand class. At Christmas we sent some books up to the hospital. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like the stories very much. I am nine years old and I have a sister June, seven years old, who would like to belong to the Beacon Club, also. I am in the sixth grade of school.

Yours truly,  
EUDORA SMITH.

46 CRANSTON ST.,  
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Dear Editor: For a long time I have been intending to join the Beacon Club and at last I am joining. A friend of mine gets *The Beacon* and we both enjoy reading the Club page. I am fifteen years old and would like to correspond with any girls who are thirteen years old or older. I would especially like to write to someone who lives out West.

Sincerely yours,  
LILLIAN ABDALIAN.

High School Students to be held by the League of Nations Association. The trip to Europe was first won by David Wilson, 15 years old, of Portland, Oregon; the second year by Henry Benson Bobo, 15 years old, of Clarksdale, Mississippi; and last year by Winfred Polk, 16-year-old student at Corning, Arkansas.

Questions in the examination will be based on "A Ten-Year Review of the League of Nations," published by the League of Nations Association. One copy of this volume will be sent free of charge to each school upon receipt of official registration. Papers from each registered high school must be forwarded not later than midnight of March 22d to the Chairman on Award, League of Nations Association, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

Here is an opportunity for some Unitarian boy or girl to win a trip to Europe. Ask your teachers for further information.

## Puzzlers

### Buried Cities

1. I hope kind friends will be there with you at the ordeal.
2. We think that royalty should be abolished.
3. While firing a bomb, a young man shot his finger.
4. While Anna polished the silver, I cleaned the vase.
5. Napoleon was one of the most sombre men of his day.
6. After the mending, the tailor leans on his table to chat to a customer.
7. From evening to early morn, the firing kept up.
8. The same day that saw the outbreak of war saw also the advance of the Germans.

MARJORIE ELLICOTT.

### E's Added

E added to the topmost part  
Juts out into the sea;  
E added to a chariot  
Turns to anxiety;  
E added to a drinking cup  
A walking stick will be.

L. DAVIS REESE.

### Letter Conundrums

1. Why is the letter "A" wicked?
2. What letter will change the color of a writing fluid?
3. Why is the city of Denver like the letter "A"?
4. What letter will make us quiet?

ALICE A. KEEN.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 18

Enigma.—New Year Resolutions.

Twisted Names of Girls.—1. Eleanor.  
2. Virginia. 3. Louise. 4. Clara. 5. Miriam.  
6. Barbara. 7. Muriel. 8. Eloise. 9. Edith.  
10. Myra.

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